

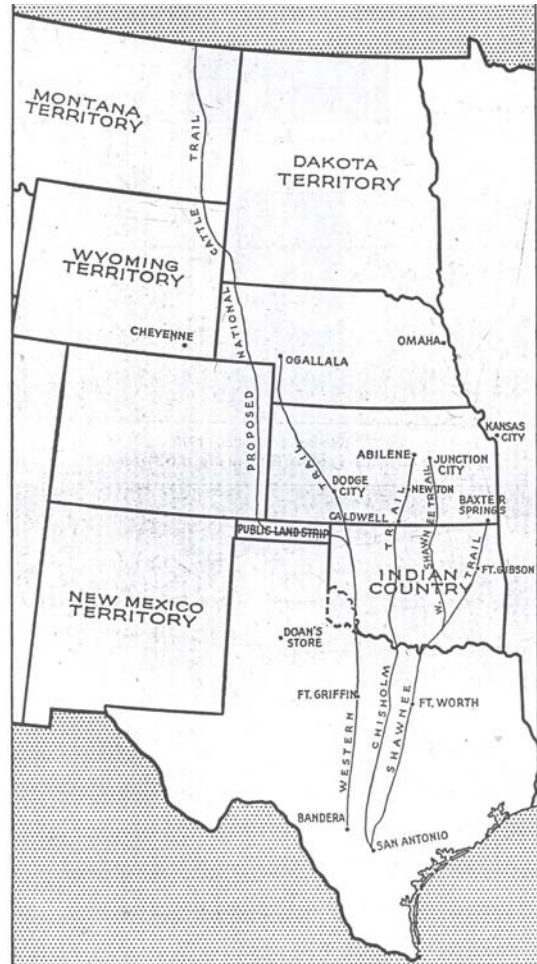
Cowboys and Ranchers

Document A: The Log of a Cowboy

“The first week after leaving San Antonio, our foreman scouted in quest of water a full day in advance of the herd. One evening he returned to us with the news that we were in for a dry drive, for after passing the next chain of lakes it was sixty miles to the next water, and reports regarding the water supply even after crossing this arid stretch were very conflicting.

‘While I know every foot of this trail through here,’ said the foreman, ‘There’s several things look scaly. There are only five herds ahead of us, and the first three went through the old route, but the last two, after passing Indian Lakes, for some reason or other turned and went westward. These last herds may be stock cattle, pushing out west to new ranges; but I don’t like the outlook. It would take me two days to ride across and back, and by that time we could be two thirds of the way through. I’ve made this drive before without a drop of water on the way, and wouldn’t dread it now, if there was any certainty of water at the other end. I reckon there’s nothing to do but tackle her; but isn’t this a hell of a country? I’ve ridden fifty miles to-day and never saw a soul.’

Document B: Cow Towns & Cattle Trails



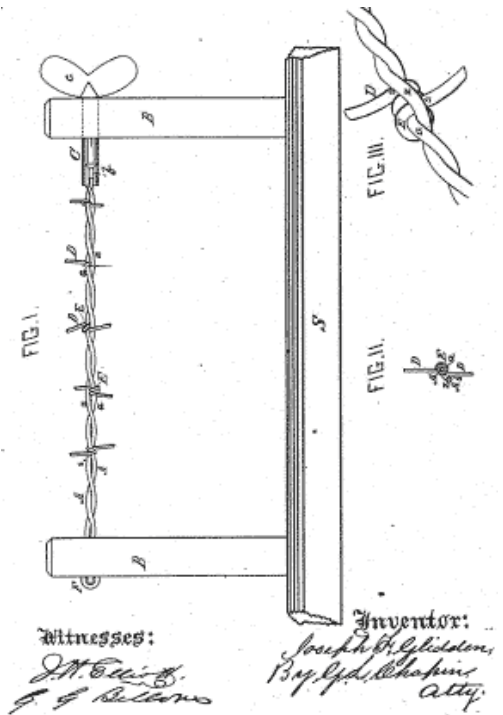
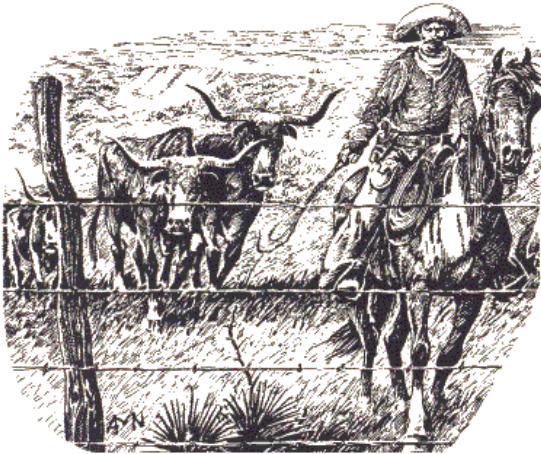
Document C: Journal of Andy Adams (1882)

"On reaching Dodge, we rode up to the Wright House (a general store, hotel and restaurant), where Flood (the trail boss) met us and directed our cavalcade across the railroad to a livery stable, the proprietor of which was a friend of Lovell's (the owner of the cattle).

We unsaddled and turned our horses into a large corral and while we were in the office of the livery, surrendering our artillery, Flood came in and handed each of us twenty-five dollars in gold, warning us that when that was gone no more would be advanced. On receipt of the money we scattered like partridges before a gunner. Within an hour or two, we began to return to the stable by ones and twos, and were stowing into our saddle pockets our purchases which ran from needles and thread to .45 cartridges, every mother's son reflecting the art of the barber, while John Officer has his blond mustache blackened, waxed, and curled like a French dancing master... After packing away our plunder, we sauntered around town, drinking moderately, and visiting the various saloons and gambling houses..."

Document D: Barbed Wire (1874)

United States Patent #157,124 was granted to Joseph Glidden of DeKalb, Illinois on November 24th, 1874 for improved barbed wire fencing.



Document E: Matador Land and Cattle Company Tally Book, 1905

Tally books contain the combined total number of cattle branded in each

THE MATADOR LAND AND CATTLE COMPANY, L.					
ROUNDUP AT	TALLY TAKEN BY	DATE	CATTLE BRANDED	BULLS BRANDED	
Brot forward		Sept. 22	5065	25	1
Mr. Saunders' Blow	Mat Walker	-	23	13	9
Bird Mill	-	-	24	25	17
E. Leeper Mill	-	-	25	23	27
Duck Creek	John Southworth	-	20	19	16
Cottonwood Tank	-	-	21	28	29
Roaring Springs	-	-	22	51	59
Mr. Grapevine	-	-	23	22	18
Mr. Wolf Creek	-	-	24	24	24
Calf Tank	-	-	25	11	24